UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Treasure of the Unique

By HENRY R. MUSSEY

The Armenian Question

By DIANA AGABEG APCAR

"The Middle of the Road"

A Review by ZONA GALE

VOLUME XCI NUMBER 12

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A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *: Editors :* FRANCIS NEILSON

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IN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCI THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1923 NUMBER 12

A TRUTHFUL EPITAPH

Following is the touchingly characteristic epitaph engraved upon the monument of "Bob" Taylor, the beloved Dixie poet, humorist, lecturer, lover of humanity, repeatedly elected governor of Tennessee, and United States Senator:

ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR

July 31, 1850—March 31, 1912

"I would rather be the humblest among those who have given hope to the hopeless and happiness to the distressed of my race, than to live in history as a conqueror with my hands stained with innocent blood; I would rather have my name written among those who loved their fellow men than to wear the laurels that encircle the brow of the iron prince; I would rather sleep in some quiet churchyard, unknown and unremembered save by those in whose hearts I have scattered seeds of kindness and upon whose lips I have conjured smiles of joy than to be confined in a sarcophagus of gold, with desolate homes as my monument and widows and orphans as living witnesses of my glory."

In justice to Admiral Sims, and *à propos* our editorial note in the April 26 issue of this paper, it should be said that the Admiral has written to the *Nation* (May 9, page 546), qualifying his remarks as originally published in the New York *Tribune*. The qualifications are not serious; but it is proper that our readers should have Sims's own statements, and not a reporter's version thereof. In his letter to the *Nation*, he gives the facts as follows:

In answer to telegraphic requests from certain publications, I replied as follows:

"I stated in addresses in California that, barring the case of the hospital ship Llandovery Castle, I did not know of any case where a German submarine commander had fired upon the boats of a torpedoed vessel; that the commanding officer and two officers of the submarine that torpedoed the hospital ship in question were tried in Germany after the war and punished; that the submarine commanders generally acted in a humane manner and in some instances gave the boats of torpedoed vessels food and water, a tow toward land, and sent out wireless signals giving their positions. See my book, 'The Victory at Sea,' pages 127 and 128. It is well known that the German Government ordered submarine commanders to torpedo merchant vessels without warning and also hospital ships if carrying troops. I did not discuss the orders of the German Government. My remarks referred exclusively to the conduct of the submarine commanders in carrying out their orders."

This is the exact statement—and it leaves the propaganda lies about where they were before. It is to be noted that the Admiral offers no contradiction or qualification of his remarks about the sinking of the *Lusitania*. We would have done the same, is still his dictum.

The case of France and Germany is perfectly simple. France will accept no terms from Germany which are not plainly impossible of fulfilment. Being impossible of fulfilment, Germany will not make good her promises. Germany, not making good her promises, will be furiously denounced as an imposter, and France will continue her occupation of the Ruhr. Why Poincaré should want to stay in the Ruhr is, on the face of things, difficult to understand. His expenses are enormous, he is getting not a mark in reparations, he is ruining Germany and thus nullifying all future possibility of any reparations at all. But just here, in this last contingency, is the explanation of the mystery. Poincaré *wants* to ruin Germany—that is the prime purpose of all his policy from the beginning. Not to secure or to guarantee reparations, but to destroy Germany, to dismember the republic, to wipe the country off the map, to break up the government and scatter its people—this is the one thing France is after. If it be argued that this catastrophe for Germany is catastrophe for France as well, Poincaré is willing to gamble on the chance. Let the future take care of itself! The present is our great concern, and this argues the annihilation of Germany! The whole thing is a desperate game, with the world as the stakes. And yet the world sits by, and does nothing. What a situation—and what a bankruptcy this situation reveals of intellect, courage and goodwill!

Of all the comments on the present European situation that have come to our attention the following ones from a letter written by E. B. Rodriguez, a Filipino, from Berlin seem to us to be as clear and as much to the point as those written by any American or European publicist. We print this extract from the letter of Mr. Rodriguez not only because of his clear insight into more fundamental aspects of the European situation but also because of the evidence it offers of the existence of men in the Orient who are perfectly able to carry the torch of civilization when the opportunity is given them. No one can doubt the future of a people who can produce such leaders as the writer of this letter.

Europe is like a drunken soldier, promenading on the edge of a steep cliff. I am a member of the Optimist Club, but I'll describe the conditions here as hopeless, at least for years to come.

American newspapers are speaking of American intervention! For what? To make war possible again? Give these people the wherewithal to fight, and they'll be at each other's throats almost over night.

The countries of Europe are merely trying to get money

from America with which to fight each other. And none of them seem to have any great love for the United States.

The big word in all Europe is the word "hate"! The people of France hate the Germans, and the Germans hate the French. Invasion of the Ruhr is responsible for most of the latter.

Here is revealed the great weakness of the policy of war as a means of settling differences. It does not settle them. Before the war it was possible to spell the hatred between European nations in small letters, but now only capital letters will suffice.

When I visited the devastated regions of France, and associated with the French people, I imbibed something of the French national disease, and thought it only right that Germany should be made to pay. But I have been in Germany six weeks now, traveling in all parts of the country, and, associating with the German people, has changed my viewpoint somewhat. The Germans are literally starving to death. They ARE being punished; THEY ARE PAYING, God knows. My advice to France now would be: "Have pity on the vanquished!"

I am a Filipino, but I believe that American dollars and the lives of American soldiers are too precious to be sacrificed in assisting one hating nation to inflict its vengeance upon another. Uncle Sam's ultimatum to every European nation should be: "Disarm, or cease bothering me!"

The worst feature of the situation here (and everywhere) is that the common people, those who had nothing to do with bringing on the war but had to do most of the fighting, are the ones that are suffering. Leaders of all countries who are so willing to participate in wars will never realize their criminality unless they suffer with the victims whom they led. Just think—while the common people are eating bread substitutes, their leaders who brought on these terrible conditions are living in palatial mansions with full stomachs!

Two men came back the other day from a visit to Italy. One was Paul D. Cravath, lawyer and capitalist; the other was August Bellanca, workman, member of the national executive board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union. Mr. Cravath reported that Mussolini's government was "stable and courageous."

"The Fascisti leader," he said, "has succeeded in uniting all the elements in Italy in a strong government. He has the support of artists, clerical, capitalist, bourgeois, workman and peasant factions. . . . Mussolini has aroused the patriotism of Italian people of all classes, and united them in a strong national movement."

Mr. Bellanca reported as follows:

Fascism cannot construct a new order in Italy. It has destroyed much of the old order; reduced the standard of living of the workers, and all but obliterated their organizations. But it has failed to erase class lines in Italy, and has, if anything, intensified the class feelings of the workers, merchants, professionals and employers. . . . The Fascisti are daily creating new and powerful enemies. They have aggravated the economic ills of Italy. They have conquered only the bankrupt and insipid Facta government, but have not yet engaged in the battle with the liberal and progressive forces of the Italian people.

These contrasting statements prove conclusively that it still depends on the point of view! We do not hesitate to say, however, that, in our judgment, Bellanca, the workingman, rather than Cravath, the capitalist, is to be trusted. Mr. Cravath reports that he had "several conferences" with Mussolini, "had a talk also with the Minister of Finance," and so on. Mr. Bellanca, on the other hand, moved among the common people, talked with the workers, interviewed labor leaders, etc. The one skimmed the surface; the other plunged into the depths. There cannot be much doubt as to where the truth lies.

Lord Robert Cecil has departed, after a visit characterized by modesty, tact, and high intelligence. During the period of his presence with us, the campaign for the League and its offspring, the Court, reached the flood of its interest and importance. Almost immediately, with the noble Lord's disappearance from the scene, the tide began to subside and is now in rapid ebb. The "irreconcilables" are unconverted, and more eloquent than ever. Five hundred thousand Missouri Republicans rise up in the person of their Governor to declare against the Court. The Connecticut Legislature, on the threshold of adopting a resolution in support of the President, suddenly change their minds and turn away. President Harding's trip, of course, will accomplish nothing. He will be swamped by Senator La Follette inside of two days, with all the discussion turning on questions of domestic concern, such as the plight of the farmers, the control of the railroads, Standard Oil, the banks, and so on. Set one thing down as definitely settled, dear friends! The United States is not going into the League or the Court with no better leader than Warren Gamaliel Harding to head the van, with Europe going steadily from bad to worse and with conditions here at home crying to high heaven for effective remedy. In saying this, we raise no question of what might, or what ought, to be. We simply submit a prophecy of what is or is not going to happen. Paste this in your hats, as you stow them away in winter storage, and then see if it does not hold true when the snow flies once again!

We certainly would like to know this man Edgar Blake, Bishop of the American Methodist Episcopal Church of Southern Europe. While all the rest of Christendom, thousands of miles away from Russia, is damning the Soviet Government as the enemy of religion and "the Living Church" as the paid agent of the Government in its atheistical business of destruction, this churchman, Bishop Blake, on the spot in Moscow, is seeing with clear vision and understanding heart what is really going on. His words, spoken at the recent All-Russian Church conclave, are among the most remarkable that we have ever heard. "Revolutions and upheavals," he said, "are not born of death. They show new life, and our hearts should be filled with gladness." Referring to the church, he declared that the church should not pronounce anathema against such movements. On the contrary, it should join them —"accept every movement turning toward greater brotherhood." Speaking more particularly of the Russian situation, he said,

"Russia is passing through a great social and economic upheaval. For the first time in human history, *a great nation is dedicating itself to do good for the masses of humanity*, and is striving to attain everything God-given for man." . . . "I do not see," he continued, "how the church can stand aside. I do not say that we should associate ourselves with the methods and means; what concerns me is the final aim."

Spoken like a gentleman, a Christian, and a brotherman! The position here taken by Bishop Blake is the position which should be taken by all churchmen, all Christians, especially all Protestants, everywhere in our western world. Instead of this, the organized forces of Christendom are doing their utmost to defeat the Russion revolution, and "the Living Church" which is the spiritual expression of this revolution. A great Reformation is definitely under way, and we cannot, or will not, see it. Thank God that there is one Christian leader at this hour in whom the spirit of the Christ still lives! Thank God for Bishop Blake!

HORRIBLE DESECRATION OF A PROTESTANT CHURCH

One of the most revolting outrages ever perpetrated in this country was committed by the thirty odd Sinn Feiners who attacked the post office at Meenglass, County Donegal, recently.

The "soldiers of the Irish republic" used the beautiful little Episcopal parish church of Meenglass as a point of debauch for an attack on the post office, and while in the sacred building were responsible for the most disgusting abomination ever perpetrated in a house dedicated to the worship of God.

They turned the altar into an eating-house, using the holy communion table for the purpose of meals, and drinking all the wine set apart for the Lord's supper, and then throwing the empty bottle into the graveyard.

They then commenced smoking and chewing, scattering cigarette ends, cigarette boxes, and matches about the church door, and squirting tobacco juice into the sacred emblems. Hymn-books, prayer books, and Bibles were torn up, and leaves containing disgusting writings by the rebels were strewn all over the church.

These "gallant soldiers of the Irish republic" then shockingly defiled the baptismal font, and tearing the rector's surplice from its place they trampled it in the font after it had been devoted to foul use. The rebels left the lovely little church in a state of wreck and filth such as would be considered inconceivable in a civilized community. One who visited it after these foul and abominable deeds had been committed, describes the sight as horrible and an object lesson to God and man of the amazing degradation to which human beings can sink in this twentieth century.

We quote this news item from the Irish correspondent of the Toronto (Can.) *Sentinal,* not because it is pleasant reading, or even important reading, but because we want to use it as the basis for some questions. Suppose that this outrage had been committed not in Ireland but in Russia, and not by Sinn Feiners but by Communists! What would our newspapers have said about it? How would it have been used as evidence of the utter depravity of the Bolsheviki, and of their determination to stamp out all religion in the Soviet Republic? It's well to keep some sense of proportion, to say nothing of fairness, in these matters, and, above all, to avoid hypocrisy.

On March the eleventh, nineteen hundred and twenty-two, Mahatma Gandhi was convicted by a British court and sentenced to six years in prison. One year, two months and six days have passed since that eventful day when Gandhi, clad in a loin cloth, was carried to his prison in a Daimler landau. More than one-sixth of the prison days have passed since this Hindoo saint entered his iron cell. And the movement for *Swaraj* in India moves on apace! King Canute sat on his throne and bade the tides of the sea to wait. Gandhi alone in his cell ponders on the Sermon on the Mount. The tide of democracy slowly creeps up the sands. Thousands of political prisoners crowd the prisons of India. The British Government in the role of King Canute sleeps upon the throne. One day the waves will break close, close to the throne. Then the sleeper will awake to find the prison doors open. The sleeper will strive to move, but will be unable to. He will be bound by invisible cords stronger than chains of steel. History has written in indelible words, "Power is not with the strong but with the weak." Mahatma Gandhi in his prison cell slowly but surely binds these cords about the feet of clay and legs of brass of the huge but helpless tyrant. Again we shall learn the truth of those immortal words of Garrison, "One with God is a majority."

All this talk about intelligence quotients and mental averages brings to mind the number of men of wisdom that we have known who would not stand the slightest chance in an intelligence test if they were pitted against college professors. We know men slow of speech, meagre in knowledge and dull in the wit of the schools who are nevertheless the sort of folk who of old were called men of God. In all the practical judgments of life they are men of deep wisdom. They know how to live with and work with their fellows. They are able to choose the hard rather than the easy way. In times of public passion they hold to their moorings and are not swept away on a flood of thoughtless emotion. These men emphasize the fact that something more than mere intellect is needed in the world. Knowledge is important but wisdom is of greater importance. When the world was swept during the war by a tornado of hate, the scholars seemed to be carried off their feet as easily as any class in the community. Their knowledge was prostituted to the basest purposes of propaganda. University professors, with titles galore testifying to their scholarship, became mere hack writers in the employment of agencies whose purpose was anything rather than to tell the truth. The intellectuals of every country engaged in the war became over night just hired men. The world was flooded with books and pamphlets written by the world's great scholars which today must bring the blush of shame to their writers' cheeks. No wonder the man on the street was also swept off his feet. How was he to know that he was being fed propaganda and not truth? No, mere intellect will not save us. In addition to intellect we need wisdom, that wisdom which is born of love and seeks above all the realization in the life of men of that goodwill which breaks down the barriers of prejudice and hate.

Jottings

An editor, commenting on Werner's biography of P. T. Barnum, declares that Lincoln and Barnum are our two typical Americans. To these we beg to add Mr. Babbitt. "And the greatest of these is"—Babbitt.

In his new history, "The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations, 1897-1909," Mr. James Ford Rhodes states that the Spanish War was needless. "McKinley . . . had not the nerve and power to resist the pressure for war." Thus, in a quarter of a century, are the pacifists justified. In another twenty-five years, perhaps earlier, they will be justified again. A later Rhodes writing a later history of a later era, will declare that the World War was needless.

The name of Sinai Center, Chicago, we are informed, has been changed to Emil Hirsch Center. The great Rabbi did not need this change to be remembered; but it is a worthy and impressive tribute all the same.

The conviction of Ruthenberg, at the St. Joseph trials, gives new life to the prosecution of the so-called criminal syndicalist cases in Michigan, and incidentally brings them back with a bang to the front page. After the jury disagreed in the Foster trial, the cases disappeared as though the earth had swallowed them up. Now, with Ruthenberg convicted—why, they are important again!

Our contemporary, *The Arbitrator,* not infrequently says the last because the best word on public events. Listen to this comment (May, page 3) on Secretary Hughes's exclusion of Mme. Kalinin:

> This exclusion was in protest against the execution of Mgr. Butchkavitch, with which Mme. Kalinin had nothing to do. It is evidence that, instead of nationalization of women in Russia, the marriage tie is so close that a wife is responsible for the acts of her husband.

"We went into the war because we were scared to stay out."—Admiral Sims. We recall that Ambassador Harvey said this same thing some years ago, and brought down upon his unlucky head an unprecedented storm of denunciation and abuse. We hold no brief for Mr. Harvey—he disgusts us nearly every time he opens his mouth. But he speaks the truth sometimes, and this was one of the times.

Some time ago an English paper published an interview with Sinclair Lewis, in London. Lewis asked the Englishmen and Americans present in the room: "What are we going to do when the next war comes?" . . . "Will you fight," challenged Lewis, "or will you go to prison? Will you English fight the Americans, or will you join us to fight the Japanese, or shall we join you to fight the French or Russians? Will you fight, or will you go to gaol? I have made up my own mind I am going to gaol." "So am I. And I. And I," came the answering chorus. Hurrah, say we! J. H. H.

The Treasure of the Unique

"There is a time in every man's education," says Emerson, "when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried." In these words the sage of Concord, most American of all Americans, has given utterance to a profound truth whose meaning present-day Americans may ponder to something more than profit—it may be even to salvation.

We are a nation of wholesalers. Ford cars and Arrow collars and Kuppenheimer clothes and Rotary opinions—these are our characteristic products. We love to take an "inexhaustible" supply of raw material and turn out from it each week ten million articles all exactly alike. Similarly in education. Our schools count their pupils by the million, and a single university enrolls tens of thousands of students. We seem to conceive the task of education in a democracy as being in some mysterious way to raise the general level of mediocrity. In consequence we have not only an appalling sameness in our houses and clothes and food and opinions, but also a timidity of thought, and a pusillanimity of action of which our war thought and behavior was only an exaggerated expression.

Science, superficially conceived and understood, has confirmed our vice of thinking and acting by wholesale. By very nature its search is for uniformities. It seeks out regularity and order and likeness and law. It measures and counts and classifies and tabulates, and perpetually surprises us by discovering uniformity and law where we had suspected none before. Men become phenomena to the scientist, organisms to be studied in terms of causation and development, exactly like electric waves or grass blades or frogs. In practical affairs we pride ourselves on our "scientific" attitude, which in fact becomes the depersonalizing of men. To the employer his men become simply employees or "hands"; to the charity worker unfortunate human beings become "cases"; to the teacher children become merely pupils; to the physician sick persons

become nothing but clients. It is not that these relations are wrong. It is only that they are partial, and in so far as we deal with men in the mass, "professionally," "scientifically," what you will, so long as it be not humanly, individually, uniquely, in so far does the partial relation take the place of the whole one.

To this attitude the words of Emerson come as a sharp challenge. Science may help me to understand somewhat better myself and other men, too; but just as I recognize in myself a mysterious something that makes me myself and none else, so I recognize in others that same intangible spirit of the eternal, in each individual a unique something that never was before nor ever will be again, an indispensable part of the ongoing life of God without which the whole would be incomplete. To men thus conceived—yes, and to beasts and trees and stones—the thoughtful man can never turn an indifferent eye, or even one that is nothing more than coldly calculating. To him each individual in the world of men, and of things, too, becomes instinct with a unique and distinctive share in that overarching personality whose total we call God. To him who conceives the universe thus, life becomes perpetual reverence and worship.

But his own action in such a world becomes thereby transformed, his own performance enlarged, strengthened, liberated. Lacking such a view, I find myself like a hundred thousand other men. The scientist has no difficulty in thrusting me into one of his largest and most crowded pigeonholes. The recognition of my likeness fills me with an overwhelming sense of my own commonplaceness, my unimportance, my lack of power and worth. All true enough; but with the recognition of my own uniqueness my acts and my thoughts achieve a dignity, a value, a self-attesting quality that raises me at once to a new plane of living, that makes me the contemporary and the friend of the great men of all time, of Jesus and Plato and Buddha and Confucius. I achieve a self-confidence that banishes fear, yet leaves no place for arrogance or pride or self-conceit. I listen understandingly while the philosopher speaks again:

> Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

And yet again:

> Let us never bow and apologize more. . . . Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things.

In some such spirit of reverence and self-confidence the least of us may learn to share the humility of true greatness, may attain in measure to that freedom of spirit which is perhaps the greatest of human achievements. My thoughts I shall think without apology, my values I shall esteem without shame, yet always in profound respect for other thoughts, for other schemes of values. I shall not bow or apologize, and I shall not despise or deride. And I shall learn the hard lesson of contentment with my world, because for me it is the only possible world, and thus in the deepest sense the best possible world, despite its stupidities and weaknesses and failures and sins. It is not that I shall experience a smug self-satisfaction or a fatuous willingness to accept things as they are. On the contrary, my recognition of my own unique possibilities and limitations carries with it the recognition of corresponding possibilities in every other man. It must therefore mean an unfailing zeal for the establishment of conditions under which each of us may grow to the uttermost limits of the possibilities that are in him.

But if I thus retain undiminished the enthusiasm which makes for accomplishment, I no longer bear any load of responsibility. My task is no longer an external task of accomplishment, but an internal task of realization and development. In a world of unique interacting personalities, it is not mine to fret about results, to count victory or defeat by external ends attained or events brought to pass. Mine is an essential part in the whole, but the whole is not in my hands. After all, it is only God who conducts the symphony. If sometimes it swells to a crashing crescendo of human accomplishment, I may rejoice at having been part of the orchestra, but I shall feel no discouragement and shall bear no blame if the music for a time seem no more than a succession of clashing discords. Discovering myself and my world, I learn that success lies in the very attempt to discern the underlying harmony if harmony there be, to catch the spirit of the Great Conductor, and under His baton to draw the bow across my second violin with such skill and devotion and joy as in me lie. As for the symphony, it is His charge, not mine; but I know that my best effort is essential to the perfection of His performance, and I am content. All that I can learn from others I shall learn; all the aid that I can give them I shall give, in gladness and quietness and confidence; but for results I shall feel no concern. Only, when the Conductor's baton is uplifted, I shall be in my place, keen to catch at first hand the spirit and purpose that animate the whole, keen to fail not of the beat, keen to see that the swelling harmony and the mighty discords lack not the essential trickle of tone that flows from my bow. For without my striving there is no success, and in my very effort I make possible the perfection of the whole. What more can man ask?

HENRY R. MUSSEY.

Another Sunday in Berlin

Editorial Correspondence

This is Sunday night. I have just returned to my room after twenty-four hours of enlightening experience in this the capital of a nation which is going through a fascinating experience. I began last night with attending a musicale in a private home, going to church twice this morning, first to the Quaker Meeting and then to the American Church. After church I had a long talk with a Berlin University man studying theology in the University. At 3 o'clock, I was in a theatre, *Das Grosse Schauspielhaus,* to witness Ernest Toller's labor drama, "The Machine-Stormers": after which, around the table for several hours, I enjoyed the company of several Quakers, among whom were Gilbert McMaster, John P. Fletcher and Caroline Normont.

What impressions came to me are valuable because they throw light on the whole situation in Berlin. To begin with the musicale. It was at the home of an eminent pianist and teacher, who several years ago had a conservatory with many pupils. The general economic condition has compelled closing of the conservatory, and pupils are few, because money for tuition is scarce. I was invited to a musical-evening, I don't know where in America it could be duplicated. This gifted pianist would attract hundreds, if he were to come to any American or British city. He played first Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, and last Brahm. There were only a score of us there, but as if the hosts of heaven were listening—while his good wife, with the face of Savonarola, sat by his side turning the leaves. We were all as still as mice for two hours, while he was master of the situation. We scarcely smiled. I would have dared applaud about as much as in a Catholic church or at a funeral. It was really great, and if I were more of a Barnum, I would invite him to make a tour of America. As I heard Beethoven and then Chopin and then Schubert, I am again sure that, while Beethoven is conventionally beautiful and Chopin has wonderful rich harmonies, Schubert is the greatest of all. Brahm, I think, is the favorite composer of the pianist—at least I could detect more interest and sympathy when he was playing Brahm, who is so free and inspiring.

Some impressions about last evening I'd like to record while fresh. The economic pressure upon men of this kind. They are compelled to squirm in every way to live. I am again impressed by the real wealth Germans possess in their music. It seems to me that they should turn more for help and inspiration to their music as they are now passing through their valley of humiliation. I should not have come away more depressed if I had attended a funeral. They know that they are living in an atmosphere of weariness—but they have such a musical fund of hope and joy and inspiration. It is not for me—an American—coming from a land of plenty, to complain of those who have suffered for eight years of war. They are deserving of the utmost sympathy and patience from Americans, who are the best fed, best clad people on earth, but again I wish they would get more joy out of their music, since they have so much that is rich, inspiring and full of hope.

As I walked to the Quaker Meeting, it seemed to me that there was one thing the world needed to do: it was to laugh. I did not hear any birds in the park. I saw things to laugh at. It struck me as funny—the sight of the guards at the government building, as they stood like Sphinxes, at the entrance. They looked so terribly serious. If I could only get them to laugh—but no, the destiny of a nation was resting on their shoulders—so they looked. And those dreadful statues of royalty in the park—so idiotic, yet once costing much money and work. It was laughable also at the door of the meeting room to see how a janitor solemnly unlocked the door before we could enter. I get much good out of the hour of silence (mostly) in the Quaker meeting. Even here, as holy a place as any in the city—I find the same spirit of heaviness. Maybe the burden is too heavy: yet a good hearty laugh would lighten it. If we could only get the world—starting with Berlin—to laugh. I think Bertrand Russell made this observation during the war. The generals, the diplomats, the parsons, the crowds were too unutterably solemn. If they would but laugh, human emotions would have an outlet. And these Germans have so much laughing music stored away—why don't they let it out?

Now I proceed to pay my compliments to the American Church, where I came to laugh, I fear, and remained to laugh. It is one of the funniest institutions in Berlin. I still think of it as my $2.00 church: so named for the size of the collection. It is worth going across the city to see the performance of the collection. The reverend pastor solemnly proclaims "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," "Let us give as we have been prospered" (I had seen 150 tubercular children the day before and heard them, lying in their couches, sing, "Enjoy life while you have it"—dear boys and girls); and at a gesture from the pastor four athletic young men sprang up and moved among the congregation for the offering while the pastor said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you, pressed down and shaken together and overflowing." (One of the young men said he had to smile for that was exactly what had to be done with the German money: to be pressed down, shaken together, or it would have overflowed the plates.) When the athletic young men stood like Aarons before the altar, the pastor received the $2.00 offering, turned his face to the great crucifix and his back to the congregation and said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. With cheerful hearts we give thee only what is thine own. We are but stewards of thy bounty, etc. . . . May this offering be like the sacrifice of Abel, and in sacrifice like the widow's mite to extend thy cause." After which the excellent quartette sang an Amen in eight or ten varieties.

After which the congregation was enjoined to stand and sing the "Son of God goes forth to war." I couldn't help saying to myself, "Dear old America is crazy, too!"

Am I making fun? No matter. I wish I could get people to laugh at such a performance. A $2.00 collection, and such a solemn act! I should not care so much, if I had not, on Friday, heard from two good witnesses, that in the labor world, and in peace matters, the churches of Germany were a negligible factor. What a call there is for a real American Church, in Berlin—one abounding in sanity, liberality and generosity. And the prayer! What a string of platitudes giving information and instruction to Jehovah!—a

kind of a Rotary Club talk. A blessing was requested for the United States of America, and the President: for the German Republic and the President: for the King and Queen of Great Britain and the whole Empire, including S. Africa, Australia, New Zealand and the islands of the sea." Discreetly there was no mention of France and Russia. And the sermon! There was given the first of two addresses on Savonarola. Not bad, but probably given twenty years ago, with little raps at the Pope in it. He commended Savonarola, because when the clergy of his day were harping on Dante and Petrarch, he preached life, life of today: and yet this pastor was "harping" on Savonarola. He commended Savonarola because he would not bow the knee to Lorenzo Medici, choosing to regard the authority of God: and yet (how blind all of us are) this church and pastor are chained to the chariot of the State. Of course, this suggestion would be resented —but let anyone who can tell me what there is free in such a church as the American Church in Berlin—free except to be a pleasant adjunct to the conventional diplomatic and social life of the American Colony in Berlin. If there has been a serious effort from that center to grapple with Berlin's poverty and disease, or to bring an intelligent message of peace and reconstruction to Germany and Europe—no one that I have talked with has heard of it. When one thinks of the opportunity and obligation—it is but to laugh! So I have laughed—though when I think of the vast depths of human need in Berlin—which I have glimpsed—I sigh.

Then in the afternoon I went to the *Grosse Schauspielhaus* and sat for two hours seeing Ernest Toller's drama, "The Machine-Breakers." I was almost literally confined to "seeing," for I "hear" German but feebly, and yet I saw more of the gospel of Jesus preached, than I dare say was preached in all the churches of Berlin. And Ernest Toller is in prison! I heard a London journalist say as he came out, "Better keep him in prison—as long as he writes like that—for when he gets out he will be swamped with details." He was sentenced in 1919, by the High Court in Munich, to a five years' sentence, for taking part in the Revolution. Several of my friends, who are critics, say he is a genius. I am quite prepared to believe it, as I saw this labor drama unroll, telling the story of the fight, in 1815, in Nottingham, England, against the introduction of machinery. Every act—be it the starvation of a babe, or the controversy of the employer and the employee, or of the mob of women, or of the attacking of a mob of workmen, or of the House of Lords, or of the destruction of the intelligent pacifist workmen by his own crowd, or of the old man who starts a devout Bible reader and closes his life and the drama as a madman shooting God, shooting Jesus's eyes out with a cane—every act is terribly realistic. I confess that my ignorance of German makes me incapable of interpreting the drama—save as a pantomime: but far into the night, the moving tableaux compelled me to see and realize the life of the multitude—and the contrast, the force of some institutions that set themselves up as in houses of God. My friend, John P. Fletcher, says that England and America must see this drama, and he is starting to make connections.

Brent Allinson visited Toller and went to America in December with the translation of one of his plays in his pocket. I hope he will push the matter and find a publisher. This one, too, should find a translator and publisher. By next fall all the Labor Colleges, liberal universities and settlements should be presenting Toller's dramas. He is 30 years old, and has over a year to serve.

And our group—after the play—talked on late into the evening. It was not about the "sermon," but about the drama, that had stirred us and inspired us earnestly to consider life in its serious aspects—with Germany and Central Europe where, said Mr. McMaster, "there is at this moment a bloodless battle going on—and there is being determined whether passive resistance can win over force."

Berlin, Germany. SYDNEY STRONG.

The Periscope

America's two party system of politics has become the subject of much adverse criticism. Almost hackneyed are the remarks that so far as principles are concerned both parties stand for practically the same, and that both of these platforms are void of basic doctrines, each party resorting to the expediency of picking up, prior to an election, such doctrinal planks as can be safely trusted to float toward the harbor of governmental control. Voicers of these criticisms often add that what we need is not parties, but individuals—heroic political characters standing for very definite policies. Or, some will say, we need as many parties as there are issues. The only excuse for a party's existence is the principles for which it stands. They would have parties rally around causes, and let them die as soon as the policies for which they stand have been achieved. There is, however, another side to this party problem, a side which portrays the existing American two party system to be one worthy of commendation.

A party, say, the disciples of this other point of view, is not a group of persons who have banded themselves together for the purpose of supporting certain political principles or measures, but rather a body of individuals, publicly requesting that the responsibility of administration be placed in their hands. In other words the motive back of every party is the desire for governmental control. If parties existed for the support of causes then, say the protagonists of this theory, we would not have the spectacle of one party feeling peeved when another appropriates its chief doctrine. Rather it would rejoice, interpreting it as a victory when its measures were found worthy of the support of the rival party; looking upon governmental control as of secondary importance so long as its principles won. According to this point of view a party is a social institution held together by group instinct, by that same type of loyalty which maintains churches, clubs, and colleges. Its sole objective is to get into power, and in order so to do it gathers from the public those political theories for which the majority are clamoring. An analogy to this point of view is readily found in the journalistic philosophy of certain editors who claim that a newspaper is the mouthpiece of the public, and should champion what the majority want regardless of the personal opinions of its publishers.

A party thus interpreted, becomes, when victorious, a power back of the Government, the group which con-

trols the Government. It is for this reason that the party in opposition, the minority party, is open-hearted and ready to receive new ideas, while the party in control, self-conscious of its success, becomes conservative. It becomes like the editor of a successful journal, who, not knowing the specific reason for the success of his publication, is afraid to change any feature for fear that by so doing he will destroy the foundation of that success. Failure to make changes in policies is, however, equally dangerous, for in a dual party system the real control of Government lies in the hands of the marginal voters. The two parties, when reasonably equal in strength, are like two advancing armies. Between them is the unrecruited independent voter. The army which can win to its ranks the largest per cent of this floating vote will achieve its objective. It is for this reason that we find the two parties often practically merging into one so far as principles are concerned. In this way small parties growing up among the independent voters, have their principles appropriated by one or both of the leading parties as soon as such appropriation can be made to advantage.

For those accepting this point of view regarding political parties, the present political outlook in America is rather encouraging, for good Government depends wholly upon maintaining among the independent voters a high standard of ethics, a consciousness of the responsibility which they carry, and an intelligence capable of weighing social value.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

The Armenian Question

Much has been spoken and written of the "Armenian Question." Much also of the Armenian Massacres, the slaughter, agony and martyrdom of a nation, the like of which history has no record. But up till the last quarter of the nineteenth century, there was no "Armenian Question" and I purpose in this article to make a concise statement of the causes and events out of which the "Armenian Question" evolved and came into existence.

For centuries Armenia had lost her independence, her last king died in exile in 1393, but the Armenian people continued to live, and they kept their faith. The Church of Armenia stood, although the sovereignty of Armenia was lost.

No Christian country or Christian people have suffered the horrors of Moslem persecution to that extreme degree that it has been the fate of the Armenian people to suffer, and this frightful persecution which has continued for centuries to our day has been possible owing to the geographical position of the country; for geographically Armenia was in proximity to countries inhabited by Moslem peoples who swooped down upon her soil in their quest for plunder.

In the past, Armenia presented a military highway for outside imperialisms, Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman; consequently the people calling this military highway their country suffered from foreign invasions.

But geographically also Armenia is situated between Russia and Constantinople, which strategic city Russia has been seeking to possess for a hundred and fifty years, and England exerting every endeavor to prevent Russia from possessing. If Constantinople and the Straits had been internationalized and neutralized in 1878, four millions of Armenians would not have been done to death in less than fifty years.

In 1375, the Moslem Egyptians desolated Cilicia, the southernmost province of Armenia, known in history as Lesser Armenia.

In 1397, the notorious Turco-Tartar Chief, Timour the Lame, devastated Greater Armenia, and by plundering and burning reduced the cities to ruins.

In 1575, the Persian King Shah Thamas plundered and devastated the northeastern provinces. The Turks, the worst ravagers of Armenia, meanwhile carrying on their depredations and invasions.

In 1603, the Persian King Shah Abbas invaded northern Armenia, capturing Grivan and other northern cities from the Turks, and carrying large numbers of Armenians captives into Persia.

The Armenian people suffered frightfully from the Moslem invasions, but they held to their nationality and their religion. For centuries outraged, tortured and crushed by Moslem dominations, it was natural the Armenians should turn to the Christian Power in the north. Thus in 1828, the Armenians welcomed Russia as a Deliverer, and assisted the Russian invasion of northern Armenia.

The Empress Catherine dangled autonomy before the eyes of the Armenian Catholics (the Supreme Patriarch and official head of the Armenian Church), but once the northern provinces annexed, Armenian autonomy rusted on the shelves of Russian imperialism. However, the Armenians realizing their own helpless and hopeless position, and believing that any Christian Power was preferable to a Moslem, sincerely loved Russia and remained loyal subjects of the Tsar.

Pathetic are the stories of the church bells ringing to commemorate the day of deliverance from the Moslem yoke, and the joy of the people who believed that a new day of uplift had dawned for them in the Russian invasion.

The lot of the Armenians in Persia was considerably ameliorated after the Russian conquest of northern Armenia, for Russian prestige loomed large in the court of the Shah, and especially as Russia appeared before the Moslem world as the Protector of the Christians.

Although the conquest of northern Armenia did not apparently disturb the *status quo* of European politics, it nevertheless brought Russia in proximity to those provinces of Armenia usurped by the Turks, and which were included in the territory of the Turkish Empire. This fact appeared to the view of British Imperialism a menace to British interests.

Accordingly in 1854, war broke out between Russia on the one hand and England and France on the other. Like the Serajevo murder, when the assassination of an Austrian Grand Duke became a pretext for launching a world war, even so, the war known as the "Crimean War" was supposed to arise out of a squabble over the "Holy Places" in reality it was a blow directed by British Imperialism against Russian Imperialism, when England and France fought Russia "to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire" the maintenance of which was regarded as essential to British and French interests.

The Armenians, in those provinces of Armenia usurped by the Turks, suffered from sporadic massacres and pillage at the hands of the Kurds and Turkish irregulars during the time this war was in

progress for the crime of being defenceless Christians; but no "Armenian Question" was evolved out of this war, since as yet the Armenians had not been drawn as partisans into the vortex of rival European imperialistic struggles.

General Sir Fenwick Williams, whom the British government had sent to defend Kars (one of the provinces of northern Armenia) against Russian occupation, described those provinces of Armenia which were under Turkish usurpation as "suffering in every interest of daily life under the most systematic and horrible oppressions" he denounced the Turkish government, as "An engine of tyranny perhaps unequalled in the world" and he reported of the Turkish police, "No language can portray the infamy which characterizes the life and character of this body of men. The scenes of their exploits lie in the villages, and more especially those inhabited by the Christians."

It was well known in all the Cabinets of Europe that the Christian peoples whose countries the Turks had usurped had frightful grievances against the Turkish government; not only in times of war, but continuously in times of peace. The Duke of Argyle, in his book of confessions, entitled "Our Responsibility for Turkey" writes in regard to these Christian peoples:

"Their lives, their property, and the honor of their families, were all at the mercy of an organized system of villainy."

Nevertheless England and France continued to maintain Turkish power and to strengthen its hateful yoke on the necks of its victims. Years of aggravated misery for these Christian peoples followed on the heels of the Crimean War, but the European Powers who supported the Turks were heedless of all their sufferings.

In 1876, battle royal in Constantinople between the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Elliot, and the Russian Ambassador, General Ignatieff, so exhilarated Turkish mentality, that as a consequence Turkish inherent savagery gave itself vent in one of those periodical outbursts against Christians for which Turks are famed. Thousands of Bulgarians were slaughtered in Bulgaria, and this Bulgarian massacre furnished Russia with her long waited for opportunity once more to wage war against the Turks.

In this Russo-Turkish war of 1876, the Armenians in all the provinces of Armenia under Turkish domination suffered terribly from that savagery and lust for plunder which is inherent in the Turkish character. In his book "Trans-Caucasia and Ararat," Lord Bryce writes of the condition of the Armenians during the time this war was in progress, as "being slaughtered by thousands in their blazing villages" and he comments:

> I daresay the generals in command have not ordered or approved these massacres and torturings. That they are the spontaneous acts of irregular soldiers, perpetrated on their own unarmed fellow subjects, makes them an even more dreadful evidence of the condition of the Turkish Empire.

And Lord Bryce further comments, in the same chapter of his book:

> No Mahommedan race or dynasty has ever shown itself able to govern well even subjects of its own religion, while to extend equal rights to subjects of a different creed is forbidden by the very law of its being.
>
> The result is that, when foreign armies enter, whether it be Bulgaria or Armenia, they are welcomed as deliverers by the subject population, and when they retreat, it is upon those unhappy subjects that the inhuman vengeance of the Turkish soldiery is wreaked.

It was at this period that the "Armenian Question" came into existence. Generals of Armenian race commanded in the Russian armies and won substantial victories. Kars was stormed and taken by the Armenian General, Mikhael Loris Melikh, and the Russian army comprised of a large number of Armenian soldiers and officers occupied Armenia.

The Turks were crushed, but it was at this critical hour of Russian victory and Turkish defeat, that Great Britain threw the weight of her power on the side of the Turks and saved them from their impending doom. The British fleet hurried full speed to the Bosphorus and England declared her intention to fight for the Turks against what she called "Russian aggression."

The Treaty of San Stefano, concluded between Russia and the Turkish government, March, 1878, and which provided a substantial guarantee of protection for the Armenians in Article 16 of that Treaty, was set aside, since British Imperialism could not brook the placing of the Armenian provinces virtually under Russion control. England called the Congress of Berlin and substituted the Treaty of Berlin, signed July, 1878, for that of San Stefano. To understand this British policy of sacrificing Armenia, one has to look at the map. Armenia lies between Russia and Constantinople and it is the avowed principle of British policy not to allow Russia to obtain possession of Constantinople. At the present time England has drawn upon herself the raging jealousy of France because she has taken virtual possession of Constantinople.

An Armenian delegation sent by the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople had arrived at Berlin to put in a plea for the emancipation of the Armenians from Turkish tyranny. As the delegates of a subject people they could not be heard at the Council of the Plenipotentiaries of Europe assembled in Congress, but their struggle for deliverance resulted in the insertion of Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty. By the provisions of this Article 61, the Turkish government promised to institute "Reforms" in Armenia and the six signatory Powers to the Treaty—Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Austria and Russia, pledged themselves to superintend the application of the "Reforms." In reality this Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty became the death-warrant of the Armenians, for it placed them in the dangerous position of seeking redress from Turkish oppression and thereby incurring the merciless enmity of the Turkish government, without giving them at the same time any means of self defence from their tormentor or any real protection from the European Powers.

The Berlin Treaty was imposed upon Russia against her will. By its terms she was deprived of all the fruits of her victory won at great cost of blood and treasure. Britain had not spent one shilling nor shed one drop of blood, but she won a diplomatic victory over Russia, the greatest that one power could win against another. But there was also a sinister side to this British opposition to Russia. It revealed to the Turks as it had never done before to what extent they could profit from European rivalries.

To add to this calamitous situation for the Armenians, events developed in Russia which acted directly to their detriment.

The Tsar, Alexander II, a man of humane principles and liberal mind, was also credited with the intuitive gift of choosing and placing the best men in office. The Tsar chose the Armenian, Mikhael Loris Melikh (the hero of Kars), for the highest office in the State in Russia.

Melikh, known in Russian history as Prince Loris Melikhof, was a great statesman even as he was a great soldier; but alas! how could Russian autocracy endure the fact of a man of Armenian race holding the highest office in the State in Russia, especially as that Armenian tried to introduce democracy into Russia. He was responsible for the document conferring Constitutional Government on Russia, which the Tsar, Alexander II, signed and was assassinated within twenty-four hours from the moment of signing. His son and successor, the Tsar Alexander III, tore and cast aside the document of liberty. Loris Melikh was driven from office by the new Tsar; Russia remained autocratic and became henceforth the implacable enemy of the race of that man who had dared to make Russia free.

When the Turkish massacres of 1894-95-96 were raging in Armenia, Prince Lobanoff who had succeeded Loris Melikh in office, said, "We will annex Armenia when there shall be no Armenians left" and responsible Russian statesmen spoke of Abdul Hamid, as "Our best Ambassador in Constantinople."

By this time Germany had entered into the arena where Russia and England had struggled for a century, one against another. The Kaiser proclaimed himself the "friend and brother" of the Turkish Sultan, and the mightiest military king in Europe assured the Turks, that "Turkey, in combination with my grand army need have no fear if the whole world combined against us."

Thus Turkish massacres of Armenians proceeded merrily. England with her uneasy conscience, as the Power responsible for the Berlin Treaty and the age-long protector of the Turks, tried to rally the other European Powers to make a demonstration against the wholesale murder of a defenceless people, but Russia and Germany discountenanced interference with the authority of the Sultan over his "subjects" and Lord Salisbury informed the world, that "England could not land British ships on the Taurus to save the Armenians." He was however wise enough not to discourse over the time when British ships had hurried full speed to the Bosphorus and sealed the fate of the Armenians.

Thus despairing of ever receiving relief at the hands of Europe, the Armenian revolutionary parties joined and aided the "Young Turk" movement. Armenian brains and Armenian money made possible what was called "The bloodless revolution in Turkey" and "Constitutional Government" with the watchwords "Liberty," "Equality," "Fraternity," as the rallying cry of "Young Turkey" was proclaimed in the Turkish Empire.

Armenians and Young Turks fell upon each other's necks, embraced, and wept their tears of joy together, and Turks held memorial services in Armenian graveyards on which occasions they extolled the "Armenian martyrs." But nine months from the inauguration of Constitutional Government, this same Constitutional Government of the Young Turks organized and carried into execution a most hideous massacre of Armenians in Cilicia.

These Armenian massacres were the precedent of what the Turks supported and encouraged by European Powers could accomplish.

In 1915, about a million and a half Armenians were either massacred outright, or deported to desert places to die of nameless horrors. But after the war was over no punishment was meted out to the Turks for a crime of such enormous magnitude.

When Armistice was declared the Armenians naturally hoped that at least some compensation would be decreed in the settlement following the war for the manifold tribulations their race had endured, and also some recognition of the great services they had rendered to the "Allies" during the war; they found instead that the policy of the "Entente Powers" was friendship for the Turks and absolute indifference towards their cause.

The fact that Germany was openly allied with the Turks in the war of 1914, brought Armenians all over the world into line against Germany, but we did not realize then, what we ought to have known and realized, that in reality England and France were the staunchest allies of the Turks.

The attitude of the "Entente Powers" towards the Turks opened a new chapter of misery for all the Christian peoples of the Near East. It led also to the Greco-Turkish war which ended in unprecedented disaster for the Christians. The Turkish victory over the Greeks was practically a French victory, since all the sinews of war were supplied by France and Italy to the Turks, whilst Greece was abandoned by England.

By a secret treaty convened between Russia, England and France in 1916, Constantinople was assigned to Russia, but that was before the entry of the United States into the war, which turned the day of battle; and when England and France themselves were perishing and in need of Russian help; but when hostilities ceased, "the good old friends" of the Turks went back to them. In their anxiety to keep Russia out of Constantinople, England and France galvanized the Turkish carcass into new life, and catastrophe after catastrophe has been the result for all the Christian peoples of the Near East.

Whilst England and France were bidding one against another for Turkish favor and seeking to consolidate individual power in the Near East, massacres and deportations began for those Christian peoples who are the true heirs of the inheritances for which the English and the French are contending. The massacres and expulsions of the heirs continued until now desolation reigns supreme in the whole of Armenia and Asia Minor, and Christianity has been blotted out in all that region.

The Armenians established a republic in the northernmost corner of Armenia, in the territory known before the war as "Russian Armenia" but with sinews of war supplied by France, the Turks were able to invade that territory, to murder the inhabitants and to plunder, to ravage and destroy the land, and to make it into a famine stricken country. So desperate became the conditions in that devastated territory, that, but for the American Relief which carried food and clothing to the people, they would have died and perished.

The Turks said "The way to get rid of the Armenian Question is to get rid of the Armenians," and they have done all they could to get rid of the heirs to the inheritance they have usurped; but the history of the world teaches us that murderers never prosper, therefore the Turks cannot prosper, however hard England and France might work at galvanizing into new life the Turkish carcass. But enormous misery for innocent human beings has been made and continues, without any chance yet in view of betterment of the lot of the victims of European Policy.

Yokohama, Japan. DIANA AGABEG APCAR.

THE STUDY TABLE

"The Middle of the Road"

A Review

Fiction can show up the facts of folly more directly than can any other medium. Folly of men and women, folly of nations, idiocy of old ideas. In earth's present tide of folly and bewilderment, Sir Philip Gibbs has stood up three times and has cried as prophet and as recorder. Now, in "The Middle of the Road" (Doran) he does this in a novel, and the book makes one wonder how anyone can write about anything else.

"Everybody," says Bertram Pollard of the novel, "everybody wants to forget the war. The profiteer, the old men who ordered the massacre, the politicians who spoilt the peace, the painted flappers. I'm damned if I'm going to let them!"

And this is virtually Sir Philip Gibbs speaking—one of the world's great social servants and a man who now knits a novel of present-day Europe and dyes his wool with the authentic colors of life.

The story centers in the broken romance of two whose social ideas mismate them. And moving through that tangle, the man, Bertram Pollard, touches Europe and sees all that he touches. He goes from the pathetic post-war set of his young, titled wife with its broken spiritual standards and its tightened bonds of caste and its remnant trying to "play the game"; and from the older aristocratic society, doomed out of its own mouth ("We must get the working-classes back to their kennels, back to cheap labor, back to discipline.")—a society which sees in the men "who in the mud and misery of the trenches won the war" only "blighters" and trouble-makers, "upsetting conditions." He is brought into the groups of those who are "bound by their belief in the common man, by their hatred of cruelty to humble men, to women and children, to primitive races, even to birds and animals . . . instinctive, educated Pacifists, believing in the power of the spirit"; those who therefore hate war but know that "it's going to happen again unless we can get some sense into the heads of the average man and woman . . . that the politicians are just preparing the way for a new war, twenty or thirty years from now . . . that the only chance against it is the intensive education of the people toward the international idea." He meets women like Janet Welford, listening to the reading of his book and saying: "Stronger! Let the truth come right out and show its bloody face to those who still believe in the glory and splendor of war's adventure—the romantic woman, cruelest in all the world." Then he touches the extreme revolutionary groups, some of them passionate idealists, some of them loose thinkers, easy-going prophets, or fanatics who discredit the real revolt. And there is the background of the "poor patient people, bewildered by the non-fulfilment of all their hopes after so much sacrifice." All these the story brushes, the artist's detachment keeping always "the middle of the road," and eternally showing a single incontrovertible vista: The cold fact of Today.

The middle of the road is kept too when the story goes to Ireland, leading between Bertram's brother-in-law, hanged as a Sinn Feiner, and Bertram's boy brother shot as a Black-and-Tan. It is kept when events lead Bertram to France where his young wife, Joyce, has preceded him. There he meets the patrician Frenchman, Armand de Vaux, who loved war because a thousand years of ancestry had given him this instinct for its abominations and compensations, who would not wear a last year's coat or be guilty of a *faux pas,* but yet could carry proudly ideas of the jungle and the shambles. And there is Eugene Lajeunnesse, saying: "I recognize your right to declare a spiritual warfare against all the old imbeciles who are preparing for another massacre—the last before civilization dies—in the fields of Europe." And there is the peasant farmer, the typical *poilu* of Picardy, Normandy, Artois, who listened with amusement to the idea that there could ever be anything among nations save revenges. "It had always been like that. It would never change. . . . He had no love for war, but when it came, it came! Terrible philosophy upon which no peace could be built, no step taken by educated humanity." And everywhere in France Bertram found the fear of Germany, fear of England, hatred of "Loy-Zhorzhe," and the sense of the world's betrayal by America at Versailles.

Then the story shifts to Germany, where Bertram's sister lives, married to a German officer. Here Bertram still keeps the middle of the road, never once loses his sense of Germany's monstrous revenge for economic wrongs which a table conference of three powers with a grain of common sense, which is to say of the spirit of Jesus, could have righted; but also he never closes his eyes to the fact that sportsmanship finds it impossible to hate—"a lesson taught by the common man obeying some instinctive decent law of nature, to neurotic and morbid-minded people who watered the roots of hatred and cultivated its poisonous fruit with unceasing care"; and the fact that "even in war time that spirit of hate had been behind the lines rather than in the trenches."

And then he goes to Russia. And the author's passion to tell the truth about Russia is the final glory of the book. Not only because keeping "the middle of the road" in regard to Russia, so difficult to the layman, is accomplished, but because here the novel becomes great literature, with a simplicity Biblical, feeling of terrific intensity, and the modernity of our own mental speech. From the first, though he is relentless toward tyranny, there is made clear the criminal folly of claiming that all that ails Russia is the Soviet Republic. The drought of 1920 and 1921—the drought of 1920 and 1921, it stares at one from every page. But there have been Russian droughts before—where is the peasants' reserve supply? Requisitioned to feed the Russian army fighting Koltchak, Denikin and Wrangel and to ration the people. But why is food not sent into the famine districts of the Volga now? Even if there were enough to send, there is the utter failure of the transportation facilities. But whose crime is that breakdown? Why, the crime of (1) war; and the crime of (2) the blockade by the other nations; and (3) the refusal of those nations to trade with Russia. And terror fills Bertram when he sees on a vessel at a port four of several hundred locomotives being delivered from Germany—terror for what this may mean. Never have the syndicated articles about Russia been shown to be so false as by the last hundred pages of this book, written by a man who is out of sympathy with the methods of tyranny when practiced by Bolshevists as when practiced by anybody else.

And who else has so caused us to see those white miles of village after village, lying quiet, without smoke

or stir, with dead bodies piled in the granaries; and in the houses, beings waiting for death, long in coming? Houses having a few dried and ground leaves, a little black clay in a bowl for all food, and nothing in the village to buy. Potatoes, sent down the Volga by the Soviet Government, rotting on the barges because the horses are all dead. The American relief trains crawling over the interminable snow, arriving too late for thousands and thousands, and saving thousands out of possible millions of the starving. Refugee trains from the famine districts taking five months to cover two thousand miles, their passengers dumped at last and lying packed for warmth on the floors of the Moscow railway station. This is the stuff of which historical novels are made: At Kazan the dozen "homes" for orphaned and abandoned children—fifteen hundred children in one such "home"; children, some of whom had been taken by their parents from their famine-stricken farms and villages and left alone in the streets of the towns, given thus some ghostly chance to survive; there they are, quite without clothing which is burned as they arrive because of vermin. But these "homes" are vermin-infested, fireless, without furniture, blankets, soap, anesthetics; rooms filled with little children, sick, perfectly silent. Hundreds of hospitals overflowing with typhus patients—no wonder that Jimmy Hart, the American correspondent, says: "Charity of dear old ladies isn't enough. The nations of the world must save Russia—and mighty quick." War, drought, blockade, tyranny—crimes of war and crimes of peace. And the stinging life of this "historical" novel is that these crimes go on at this moment and will continue to go on until the next harvest, unless the rest of the world will let Russia conduct her own political experiment, right or wrong, and will consent to trade with her whether it approves of her form of government or not, just as it traded with her in the days of the czar. Sir Philip Gibbs has put it up to the Christian nations, thus, in black and white.

Bertram—who to the reader is in idea always Gibbs—says: "War was not an alternative cruelty to that of peace. It was an additional cruelty. It didn't supplant the private vices and cruelties. It created more vice, more disease, more starvation, more hell. . . ."

Propaganda? No—the middle of the road. Material for propaganda? Yes, without doubt. But if these things are not material meet for a story setting, what is meet? Story and characters subordinated to these monumental settings? But the settings are also overshadowing our earth today. The book is such a record of Europe at this moment as we have nowhere found. A record of life, of death, and of ideas which are the root of the life or of the death of to-morrow. An historical novel whose clay is kindled, breathing.

International Book Review. —*Zona Gale.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Uncharitable Criticism

Editor of UNITY:

Why do we call our paper UNITY, and fill its columns with so much that makes for disunion? To call names, to be sarcastic, to reflect on the motives of those who differ from us—surely this is not the mission of UNITY.

If humanity is to be brought together it must be by the bonds of love, not through controversy, criticism and dispute.

What does it profit to denounce war and fighting, and then take up intellectual warfare, arousing antagonism, inviting contention, and thus promoting ill will and hard feeling?

In the April 12 issue of UNITY I find the second editorial compares Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes to Nero, referring to their "insane madness."

The third editorial severely criticizes Lord Robert Cecil, calls attention to his inconsistencies, and remarks on his "nerve."

The fourth editorial uses this wholly regrettable and uncharitable language: "the sickening Pecksniffian sanctimoniousness of that pious Baptist . . . Mr. Hughes."

The sixth editorial refers to the "good news" that six Bulgarian statesmen are sent to jail for life. Of what stony material is a heart made that regards this tragedy as "good"?

The seventh editorial is sarcastic at the expense of Mr. Chesterton, and the ninth at the expense of Prof. Hart.

On pages 108 and 109 Mr. Martin is twice told that he is "ridiculous," accused once of unfairness, and once of being "narrow."

And the eighth editorial, in amazing unconsciousness of all the unkind, uncharitable and un-Christian matters quoted, utters this truism:

"No one man, and no one group, has the whole truth. It is the free exchange of ideas that brings progress. Any other policy means sitting on the safety valve. On the other hand Communists *and all others* (italics mine) might as well remember that violence is not the way of progress."

All this criticism, controversy, intellectual violence and sarcasm make for hate, not for love. I am sorry to say that I am rapidly losing my entire interest in UNITY thus edited.

CHARLES H. COCHRANE.

Dear Mr. Cochrane:

I have your letter, and am sending it this very night to the Chicago office for publication. For the sake of accuracy and full understanding, may I say that I am personally responsible for only a part of the matter to which you object. Thus of the seven editorial notes which you specifically indict, I wrote only three. As the editor, however, through whose hands these notes passed, I am ready to assume all official responsibility for the policy which they seem to indicate.

You ask, "Why do we call our paper UNITY, and fill its columns with so much that makes for disunion?" The answer is simple! We call our paper UNITY because we believe in and would serve the unity of humankind; we fill our columns *not* with what "makes for disunion," but with what will expose, rebuke and shame those in high places who by their words and acts keep men apart, foster their suspicions and hatreds, and thus betray the unity of humankind. We know not how better to protect the interests of human unity than by naming those who break this unity. Run over the editorial notes to which you refer, and see if our condemnation is not in each and every case spoken against men who have deliberately ignored, flouted and defeated the aims of brotherhood. I do not believe that "all this criticism . . . make(s) for hate, not for love." I know that it springs from a passionate love for humanity, which is willing to ignore or even chastise the individual for the sake of the larger and common interests of all men everywhere. May I quote to you a statement of Henry Demarest Lloyd (see his "Man the Social Creator," page 55): *"Love has another name, hate. . . . Love of justice, right, truth, is hate of lies, oppression and wrong. Love must pull down as well as build up. . . . Hate is the name for love's destructive moments."*

You seem to feel that this attitude of criticism and judgment is a violation of the ideal of tolerance. I cannot so regard it; indeed, it is a standing mystery with me that a straightforward statement of personal opinion is so often taken to mean a repudiation of the fact that "no one man, and no one group, has the whole truth." In stating what we think, we make no claim of infallibility; we simply make an assertion of conviction. In setting forth our ideas, we make no necessary denial of other people's ideas, least of all do we attempt to banish opportunity for their expression; we simply say what we think, and expect and desire everybody else to do the same. UNITY adheres with absolute fidelity to the principle that "it is the free exchange of ideas that brings progress." In living up to the exactions of this principle, we try to do two things—(1) state our own opinions of men and events as straight and hard and true as we know how to do it; (2) give everybody who dissents from our opinions ample opportunity to express their own. In replying to Mr. Martin, I first printed his attack upon me and my book in full; on March 1st, last, we printed a four-page assault on my views of the Jews in relation to the community church, without re-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF COMMUNITY CHURCH WORKERS

May 22-24, 1923

Beverly Hills Union Church, Winchester Ave. and 94th St., Chicago

PROGRAM

TUESDAY MORNING, 9:30-12:30

Organization of the Conference.
Devotions.
Appointment of Committees.
Address of Welcome.
Response.
Reception and Introduction of Visitors.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, 2:00-5:00

The Church and the Community

The Church as a Community Builder—Rev. Roy B. Guild, Federal Council
Discussion led by Rev. C. J. Robertson, Chicago.
The Church and Industry—Dr. David M. Latshaw, International Y. M. C. A.
Discussion led by Mr. Frank Ritchie, International Y. M. C. A.
The Salvation of the Rural Church—Prof. A. W. Taylor, Indianapolis.
Discussion led by Rev. W. C. Shaffer, Pleasant Plains, Ill.
The Church and Political Life—Rev. F. Scott McBride, World League against Alcohol.
Discussion.

TUESDAY EVENING, 8:00-9:30

The Religious Significance of the Community

The Leadership of the Church in the Life of the Community—Prof. R. E. Hieronymus, University of Illinois.
The World Community and the Church—Dr. C. C. Morrison, Editor *Christian Century*.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 9:30-12:30

Successful Community Churches

The Suburban Community Church—Rev. Carl Stoll, Snyder, N. Y.
Discussion.
The Municipal Church—Rev. H. J. Loken, Atascadero, Cal.
Discussion.
The Rural Community Church—Rev. W. A. Cutler, Grass Lake, Mich.
Discussion.
Financial Methods—An Address at Luncheon by Mr. Charles E. Coleman, Chicago.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 2:00-5:00

Community Church Problems

The Terms of Membership—Rev. W. C. Miles.
Discussion led by Rev. Clyde McGee, Chicago.
The Missionary Program of the Community Church—Rev. W. L. Meikle, Monroe, Wis.
Discussion led by Rev. F. A. Gageby, Chicago.
Relationships with Denominational Organizations—Rev. Wilford A. Rowell, Hinsdale, Ill.
Discussion led by Rev. D. H. Cornell, Glencoe, Ill.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 8:00-9:30

Educational Principles and Methods

The Educational Value of the Pulpit—Rev. A. J. MacCartney, Chicago.
Principles and Ideals in Religious Education—President W. O. Thompson, Ohio University.

THURSDAY MORNING, 9:30-12:30

Community Church Activities

An Undenominational Evangelism—Rev. F. J. Malzard, Wyoming, N. Y.
Discussion.
An Undenominational Gospel—the Pulpit—Rev. Allan McNeill, Ridgefield Park, N. J.
Discussion led by Rev. T. F. Rucker, Malta, Mont.
Educational Tasks for the Community Church—Rev. J. D. Livingstone, Grant, Mich.
Discussion led by Rev. C. W. Longman, Chicago.
The Mid-Week Program of the Community Church—Rev. C. E. Henry, Exira, Iowa.
Discussion.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 2:00-5:00

Goals and Ideals

What Communities Need a Community Church—Rev. F. W. Newsome, Gary, Ind.
The Future Goal of the Movement—Rev. Orvis F. Jordan, Park Ridge, Ill.
Discussion.
Closing Word and Benediction.

NOTES

Beverly Hills church may be able to entertain a few of the visitors in homes at a very reasonable charge. Hotels will accommodate most of the men. Write Rev. F. A. Gageby, 1956 W. 94th St., Chicago, concerning reservations. Beverly Hills church will provide meals noon and evening at reasonable rates.

On arrival in Chicago, secure a ten-ride suburban ticket. Unused portion will be redeemed by the church. Rock Island service is used. Sixty trains a day.

Address general correspondence to Mr. Charles E. Coleman, 542 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; program correspondence to Rev. O. F. Jordan, Park Ridge, Ill.

WALT WHITMAN FELLOWSHIP OF CHICAGO

The annual celebration in honor of the poet's birth will be held Thursday evening, May 31, 1923, at Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, corner Langley Avenue.

Dinner at 6 p. m., celebration at 8 p. m.

Dinner and celebration, one dollar and twenty-five cents. Separate admission to celebration, twenty-five cents.

Last year we had more dinner guests than we could accommodate. We cannot accept more than two hundred and fifty (250) dinner reservations.

This year we must adopt the plan of "first come first served." For the celebration we have the use of the lecture hall which will seat 700 people. So invite friends to the celebration if not to the dinner, though they are welcome to the dinner if reservations are made early enough.

Everyone is a member. If you have

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quest from the author, Dr. Schulmann, and with no rejoinder from ourselves; today we are publishing in full your letter. This is what I call a "free exchange of ideas." It is *you* who would end this "exchange" and thus end "progress" by teaching us to conceal what we really think and feel. UNITY's policy is to speak right out, and invite everybody else to do the same. I am sorry that you do not like this policy; I am pretty certain that it will not be changed.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

From the International Institute in China

Dear Editor:

I wish to congratulate you on the building of your new church. I also express my pleasure at the way you edit UNITY, and I have been interested in the report which you have made of your visit to Russia. I think also you will be interested in some things that I have been trying to do. Besides the general character of the Institute which we are trying to reorganize in Peking I have started a weekly paper in Chinese called the *International Journal*, a weekly of good news. It is constructive rather than destructive. It commends good wherever found, rather than attacks evil which exists in abundance everywhere. This is in line with the old principle, "The expulsive power of a new affection." I derive a good many of my good things from your paper. I am sending you a copy, though you will only be able to read about four pages. You must begin at the end according to Chinese style.

When Mrs. Reid and my son came back to China two months after I arrived in the Autumn of 1921 we decided to make our venture again in Peking, though most of the property of the Institute is still in Shanghai. Last year I spent several months in lecturing in the leading cities of some seven Provinces where I was entertained by the Chinese and had good audiences consisting of four different classes, the merchant class, the student class, the official class, and those who are connected with the different religions. Since I got my Journal started I have had less time for lecturing in the Provinces, but I am reaching a great many people through the printed page. I also speak in Peking two or more times each week. I go the rounds of 14 churches with a course of sermons.

I have some fifty prominent Chinese who may be regarded as the promoters of the Institute and Journal. They have given me their good will and their names, and on the 31st, the day before Easter, I am calling them together to see what are their ideas as to ways and means.

Can you not interest the good people of Community Church and UNITY in the work which we are striving to carry out? The Institute is a common meeting ground for all nationalities, races and creeds. Please remember me to all friends. Accept for yourself the good wishes of Mrs. Reid, our children and myself. Very truly yours,

GILBERT REID.

International Institute, East Imperial City, Peking, China.

been an attending member will you not try to help in making the 1923 celebration a success by doing the following? (Non-attending members have the same privilege.)

First: Send in your reservation by return mail.

Second: Either send us the names of friends or else let us know how many invitations you can use and we will send them to you in stamped envelopes ready for you to address and send. Would advise you to place your name as a member in corner of envelope.

We desire to know at once, so as to save cost of printing more announcements than needed.

Short addresses by the following speakers:

Dr. Andrew A. Gour, of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Daily News*.

Vincent Starrett, poet and critic.

H. B. Ritman, assistant states attorney.

Phillip R. Davis ("Philardee" and "Pirique"), poet and lawyer.

Maxwell Bodenheim, poet and novelist.

Jesse Quitman, lawyer and lecturer.

Ella Boynton, chairman of The Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, Chicago Branch.

Clarence Darrow, lawyer, lecturer and writer.

Llewellyn Jones, literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*.

Carl Sandburg, the poet of democracy.

Expressions of the "dear love of comrades" will follow from other speakers.

Rev. Walter H. MacPherson, minister of the Universalist Church of Joliet, Ill., will act as chairman.

Songs by Anna Burmeister. Marion Lychenheim at the piano.

Reservations can be made by addressing Dr. Morris Lychenheim, 142-39 S. State Street. Telephone Dearborn 4936.

No reservations can be accepted for the dinner after Tuesday, May 29th.

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